

downtown traffic lights

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30767108) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30767108>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death , Rape/Non-Con , Underage
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Marvel Cinematic Universe , Spider-Man (Tom Holland Movies)
Relationship:	Peter Parker & Tony Stark , May Parker (Spider-Man) & Peter Parker
Character:	Peter Parker , Tony Stark , May Parker (Spider-Man)
Additional Tags:	Peter Parker Has Panic Attacks , Panic Attacks , Implied Childhood Sexual Abuse , Past Sexual Abuse , Mentioned Skip Westcott , Depression , Poor Peter Parker , Suicide Attempt , Suicidal Peter Parker , Suicidal Thoughts , Pills , Skipping Class , Bullying , Precious Peter Parker , Tony Stark Acting as Peter Parker's Parental Figure , Underage Drinking , Peer Pressure , Misunderstandings , Angry Tony Stark , Tony Stark Has A Heart , Drunk Peter Parker , Cancer , Lung Cancer , Sick Peter Parker , I Love You , Phone Calls & Telephones , Grief/Mourning , Dead People
Collections:	MCU Tony Stark & Peter Parker taking care of one another
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-19 Chapters: 6/6 Words: 4432

downtown traffic lights

by [kiwi_shell](#)

Summary

Not even realising what he was doing, Peter picked up his phone, discarded on the worn rug beside him, and opened his call log, tapped on a long-familiar number.

"Pete?"

"M'sr St'rk, T'ny. H'lp," he gasped, chest rising and falling so fast that he almost couldn't breathe.

"What's wrong? I'm coming, Peter. I'll be there in five minutes, tops, okay?"

"Dn't leave me."

Aka 5 times Peter needed Tony to help him and 1 time Tony wasn't there

Notes

Song lyrics are from *Hold On* by Justin Bieber. I don't usually listen to his music, but my family and I heard this song on the radio and loved it (cue more than an hour of thrashing it over and over 🎧). The references to his previous life and return to God are really cool.

Anyways, when I was listening to it, I immediately thought of IronDad and started planning a fic in my mind, so here it is!

YouTube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LWeiydKl0mU>

Spotify: https://open.spotify.com/track/4u4NyuceXP7Uzh7XFJKCr1?si=1vk_hkDKTzGJjms178G5Cw

My goodness, this turned out a lot darker than I had planned it, so please, please do be careful when you're reading it. And if you're struggling with anything at all, don't hesitate to ask for help. You're not alone, and you're definitely important ♥

FUN FACT: i based the title off the place i went on vacation recently (Wellington, New Zealand). When i got home, i was dealing with some serious post-vacation blues (did you know post-vacation depression is a thing? I didn't lol) and almost all i could think of was the place i had left behind. When i started writing this (in the shuttle on the way to the airport to go home, ironically) and it came time to come up with a title, i knew i wanted to name it something that would remind me of Wellington. So, when i imagined it in my head, the first thing that popped into my head was an image of The Terrace (the street we stayed on) with traffic lights in the foreground. I added 'downtown' and thus, *downtown traffic lights* was born.

WARNING: reference but little description of s*xual assault on a minor in the **first chapter** as well as a pretty severe panic attack. Feel free to skip it if it makes you uncomfortable <333

Wow, that was long. Moving on to the story!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

*You know you can call me if you need someone
I'll pick up the pieces if you come undone*

Pressed up into the corner of his wall, Peter gasped and choked, tears streaming down his face like the trauma stabbing his heart. One hand pressed to his throat, he fought to breathe, the air wheezing through his chest. His unseeing eyes stared at the wall, glazing as the memories relayed in his mind over and over, over and over.

Phantom hands ghosting over his skin.

Not even realising what he was doing, Peter picked up his phone, discarded on the worn rug beside him, and opened his call log, tapped on a long-familiar number.

"Pete?"

"M'sr St'rk, T'ny. H'lp," he gasped, chest rising and falling so fast that he almost couldn't breathe.

"What's wrong? I'm coming, Peter. I'll be there in five minutes, tops, okay?"

"Dn't leave me."

"I'm right here, alright? I'm almost there now."

Sometime in the past fifteen or so minutes, his body had slipped and he was now lying on the floor of his bedroom, twisted awkwardly. "C'nt bre'the," he whimpered.

Then there were heavy footsteps rushing up the hallway outside his room, the smell of motor oil and cologne around him, hands on his shoulders pulling him upright.

A voice spoke calmly to him, but all Peter could register was the feeling of hands on his body. "Get off me, pl'ease," he begged, flinching away sharply.

The hands stopped touching him, and slowly, he was aware of the words being spoken. "....out, in and out, in and out." Peter copied the rhythm and his chest stopped throbbing, heart stopped racing and returned to a more normal rate.

His eyes squeezed shut, he nodded when Tony asked if it was okay to touch him now, and as his mentor's warm hands pulled him against his chest, a feeling of safety grew within him.

"That was a severe panic attack," Tony said softly, arms settling around his kid. "Want to talk about it?"

Peter stiffened. "Just something that happened when I was younger."

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to." Tony's arms tightened and he rested his chin on top of Peter's head. "However, I do want you to know that this does not make you weak. I can't even begin to tell you about all the countless nightmares and panic attacks I've had, and they don't make anyone see me differently."

There was silence for a few minutes before the boy spoke up.

"He was my babysitter when I was thirteen," Peter whispered, tremors running through his voice. "His name was Skip and he was twenty-nine. One day, he - he just - I couldn't stop him." Peter's voice began to rise and break. "I tried to, I swear! But I didn't have my powers and he was too strong. I tried."

"Oh, Pete." Tony said, feeling speechless and powerless and trampling a burst of hot anger that told him to hunt down this Skip and murder him in cold blood. "It wasn't your fault. It was him."

Peter looked down, eyes filling rapidly. "Sometimes I can still feel him," he admitted. "And I know he's not really here but his image is so clear and I just start to freak out. I'm sorry."

"Never, never apologise for calling me when you need help, you hear me?" Tony said, voice stern. "I'm so proud of you, Peter. So darn proud of you."

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

How had it come to this? How had the once-innocent seeds of doubt and fear grown into a monster that stole his feelings and turned his thoughts dark and sad? How had the joyful child of his youth turned into a person whom his own self couldn't even recognise any more?

Chapter Notes

Depression and brief suicidal ideation / an almost suicide attempt, so definitely skip that if you don't want to read it.

*Painting stars up on your ceiling 'cause
Wish that you could find some feeling, yeah, you
You know you can call me if you need someone*

How had it come to this? How had the once-innocent seeds of doubt and fear grown into a monster that stole his feelings and turned his thoughts dark and sad? How had the joyful child of his youth turned into a person whom his own self couldn't even recognise any more?

Lying on his bed, fingers twisting at the dull covers, Peter stared at the roof, too exhausted to do anything but mind overthinking too much to go to sleep.

There wasn't a reason for him to be *unhappy*, yet it seeped through every part of him.

It came in waves, came on at random times but stayed for what seemed to be years. There was no cause for it, but it remained with *purpose*. It sucked away all the things that gave him joy and left his mind a wrecked battlefield, a smoking mine of ragged thoughts and feelings. His self-esteem seemed to dwindle to almost non-existence, the tears running down his face washing away all remnants of compassion and love for himself.

Something within him knew that this wasn't good, knew that he should find someone and tell them what he was feeling, but he didn't move. His mind slipped away towards nothingness.

I wanted to be like you.

I wanted you to be better.

Peter's eyes snapped open and he sat up, wrapping his arms around himself. "I'm sick of this," he whispered. "I just want to be happy again." His eyes fell onto his phone, and his fingers stretched towards it, but he froze at the last second. "But am I a burden?" he continued. "Maybe they'll all be better off without me." As he turned to glance at the container of pills sitting on the bedside table, he came to a decision within himself. His fingers unscrewed the cap and poured all the

contents into his palm, hands shaking as he reached for a glass of water.

I wanted to be like you.

I wanted you to be better.

A gasp fled Peter's mouth and he closed his eyes, trying to breathe through the onslaught of feelings stabbing at this heart, his very soul. "I can't do this," he whispered.

His fingers clenched and unclenched, and then, without thinking, grabbed his phone and called the first contact his eyes fell on. Using his fist, still holding the pills, he rubbed at his nose while waiting for the person on the other end to pick up.

"Kid? It's late, so you better not be out patrolling or you're gonna get it."

Peter's face scrunched up in a mixture of relief and horror at the sound of his mentor's voice and he gave a sob.

"Peter? Are you okay?"

"Um, not really," Peter hiccuped, biting his lip. "I - uh - have a lot of pills in my hand."

There was a beat of silence before Tony spoke again, voice forced calm. *"How much is a lot?"* Faintly, in the background, there was the sound of thrusters.

"The whole bottle," Peter admitted. A spike of shame shot up through his stomach and he blinked away an onslaught of tears. "My sleeping pills."

"Okay. What I want you to do is to go put them in the toilet and flush it, alright?"

"O-okay." Peter clenched his hand tighter and made to stand up, but paused. "It'll make the sadness go away," he whispered.

"Please don't do that, Pete. I'll help the sadness go away, I promise. Just please don't do that. Please." By the end, Tony was practically begging.

The tone of voice his mentor was using seemed to strike at Peter. "'Kay," he agreed with a long, deep sigh. "I don't know what to do."

"Flush the pills," Tony reminded. *"I need you to do that. Promise me."*

"I promise," Peter said quietly and he stood up, pushing the door to his bathroom open slowly. Leaning over the toilet, he stared at it for a moment, tears blurring his eyes, before letting the pills drop one by one.

He felt a strange sort of relief with each *plop*.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Tony Stark would never admit to anyone that he had trackers on one Peter Parker. It was a little weird, bordering on stalker-ish, but there were times he thanked his lucky stars that he'd had the foresight to do so.

So, when he pulled up Peter's tracker for absolutely no reason at all and saw that the boy was five blocks away from his school on a Tuesday midmorning and steadily moving further from it, he knew that something was up.

*I need you to hold on
Heaven is a place not too far away
We all know I should be the one
To say we all make mistakes*

Tony Stark would never admit to anyone that he had trackers on one Peter Parker. It was a little weird, bordering on stalker-ish, but there were times he thanked his lucky stars that he'd had the foresight to do so.

So, when he pulled up Peter's tracker for absolutely no reason at all and saw that the boy was five blocks away from his school on a Tuesday midmorning and steadily moving further from it, he knew that something was up.

He dialed Peter's phone, FRIDAY connecting it to the speakers in his car as he slid into the leather front seat and drove out of the underground parking space at the tower. When his mentee didn't pick up the phone, he accelerated, keeping one eye on the road and one on his phone, opened to messages on the dashboard before him. Peter usually answered his texts straight away, even if he was in class.

"Pick up the darn phone," Tony muttered, following the bobbing GPS signal into Queens.

It took nearly twenty minutes with all the traffic, but he finally found Peter.

Tony's heart skipped a heart when he set eyes on the kid sitting on the sidewalk, back pressed against a graffiti-covered wall and knees to his chest. Turned to the side, his head rested on his knees, and red eyes stared off into empty space.

"Pete?" he called.

Peter went rigid, and he lifted his head, noticing Tony for the first time. "Mr. Stark?" he asked incredulously, mouth open.

"Spot on," Tony replied, crouching down in front of the teenager. "Why're you out here during school hours, huh?"

Eyes growing misty, Peter looked away and mumbled, "No reason."

Tony gave a sigh and settled beside the boy, back against the wall. "No reason, hmm? So you ditched school to sit by yourself and cry for no reason?"

Peter stayed silent.

"Look, kid, if you've gotten into trouble or something, just tell me. I've seen a lot of crap in my years. I can help you deal with it."

Peter glanced up at him and rubbed at his nose, making him look years younger than he was. "Someone just said something and I kinda....snapped."

Tony slipped an arm around his shoulders gently. "Who did? What did they say?"

Leaning into his mentor, Peter gave in to the tears and let them stream down his face. "It was Flash," he whispered. "He said I had a curse on all my parent figures...and I got *so angry* and just punched him in the face. I pulled it at the last minute, but - oh gosh, Mr. Stark - there was so much blood..." He gave a shudder. "I didn't mean to, honestly. I'm so scared that I hurt him." By this time, Peter was practically hyperventilating, and Tony put his hands on the boy's shoulders, pushing him back so that he could see his face.

"In and out, Pete. Breathe. You're okay."

"But-"

"Nope, don't say anything. I want you to focus on calming down."

When Peter's breathing had returned to a state of semi-normal, Tony gripped his face between his hands, taking on a serious expression. "You are not cursed, nor do you put curses on anyone, alright? Flash was just crap-talking. He's an idiot who says the first thing that comes to mind without thinking it through first."

"Sometimes it seems like it," Peter admitted quietly. "Almost everyone in my family is gone."

Tony shook Peter's head slightly, making his still-plump cheeks boggle. "Life dealt you some fudged cards, but that's not your fault, kiddo. Trust me."

Peter stared up at him, brown eyes misting over. "Okay," he said, and pushed forward to bury his head against Tony's chest.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Peter squinted at his watch with a wince. "Mstr Strk, i, uh, scrwed up. Bdly," he slurred, pressing his free hand tighter against the wall.

"What did you do? Are you on patrol? Did you hit your head?"

"M at a prty."

There was silence for a few moments on Tony's end. Then, "Are you drunk?"

Chapter Notes

Alcohol comes into play. Be careful if you don't like this.

*Take my hand and hold on
Tell me everything that you need to say
'Cause I know how it feels to be someone
Feels to be someone who loses their way*

"Aren't you tired of being so good all the time, Parker?"

Peter swallowed, throwing a nervous glance to Ned before turning towards the senior boy.
"Um...no."

"He's not good all the time," Flash scoffed, appearing from behind. "How many times have you not turned up to school or gotten detention, Petey?"

"Ooh, a rebel." In delight, the senior stepped forward and clapped a hand on Peter's shoulder.
"You'll have no problem sharing a drink with us, then."

"I-I can't," Peter stammered, taking a step back, the beat of the music pounding in his temples. "I'm fifteen. I'm underage."

"Wow, obviously," the older boy said with a roll of his eyes.

"Dude," Ned said lowly from behind, "when the whole class was invited to a party, and we didn't know that it was a senior party or that there would be alcohol here. We should go." Nodding in agreement, Peter turned to his friend and tried to slowly shuffle out. If May or Tony found out what was happening, they'd be livid.

"Not so fast." The senior stepped in front of them, blocking their way with a self-righteous smirk.
"Surely you're not going to leave without having a drink? Was our hospitality really that bad?"

"It was fine," Ned spoke up, grabbing Peter's elbow and pulling him towards the door. "Thank you for inviting us."

Holding out an almost overflowing cup, the senior held it out while his friends closed in around Peter and Ned. "Don't be a chicken," he smirked. His buddies laughed, and Peter's stomach churned nervously.

He took the cup.

Leaning against the side of a building, an arm wrapped around his stomach, Peter pulled out his phone and dialed Tony's number. Shame burned in the depths of his stomach.

"Peter Parker. What in the everlasting heck are you doing up this late?"

Peter squinted at his watch with a wince. "Mstr Strk, i, uh, scrwed up. Bdly," he slurred, pressing his free hand tighter against the wall.

"What did you do? Are you on patrol? Did you hit your head?"

"M at a prty."

There was silence for a few moments on Tony's end. Then, "Are you drunk?"

"Mm. Thnk so."

"What the fucking darn - right, I'm coming to pick you up. Get your butt outside."

Peter had barely time to shoot off an apology text to Ned before Tony had arrived and hauled him into the back seat of his car by the back of his shirt. "Sit," the man said, a slight growl in his voice. "There's a bucket if you need to puke. Don't get it all over my car."

He slid into the front seat, slamming the door, and pressed his foot to the pedal, knuckles going white as he clenched the wheel. Eyes glued to the road, his face was hard, and he neither glanced back at the fifteen-year-old in the back seat nor spoke to him.

Peter leant his head against the cool window and closed his eyes, feeling the first tinges of pain in his temples. The drunken stupor was fading a little bit, driven away quickly by his accelerated metabolism, and through the sluggish trickles of thoughts in his mind, he knew that he'd soon be feeling the effects of a nasty hangover.

Evidently Tony did too. When they reached Peter's apartment, he pulled the boy out of the car and handed him two pain-reliever pills (originally designed for Steve and metabolism) before pushing him up the flight of stairs that would take them to the third level.

"What'm I 'sposed t' do w' this?" Peter asked, staring at the pills in his hand, words coming easier to his lips.

"Take them," Tony said with an almost audible roll of his eyes.

"Water?"

"Take them dry. I don't have water."

Peter put the pills in his mouth and swallowed them, grimacing at the rancid taste and the feeling of them slowly traveling down to his stomach. It was almost as bad — if not worse - than when

one eats a chip whole and sits, slowly dying from the agony, while it takes forever to move down the esophagus.

Pulling a set of keys from his pocket and unlocking the door to the Parkers' apartment, Tony headed into the kitchen. "Go take a shower," he told Peter, not turning to look at him.

Peter nodded, and headed into the tiny bathroom. His head was pounding now.

When he returned to the living area, wearing fresh clothes and all in all feeling better except for the headache, he saw Tony sitting on the sofa, arms folded.

"Take a seat, Peter," he said.

Peter sat down and swallowed, his head down.

"I'm very disappointed," Tony said, voice hard but not yelling - yet. "I thought you were better than this. May and I trust you to go out with your friends, to a supposed 'birthday party', and you betray our trust and drink your weight in alcohol?" He scoffed. "Everyone's always telling me how similar we are, but maybe I never realised how much." With a sigh, he shifted his legs and turned to face Peter more, voice softening slightly. "Trust me when I say that alcohol isn't worth it. I made the same mistake, and look how I turned out. I don't want you to be like me, buddy."

Raising his teary eyes, Peter glanced at his mentor. "I'm sorry," he whispered.

"This is probably my fault," Tony said, rubbing at his face.

"What? No!" Peter sat up straight and met Tony's eyes for the first time since they'd walked into the apartment. "This was my fault. I should have stood up to them and said 'no'."

His eyebrows creased slightly. "Who?" Tony asked, a sudden thought occurring to him.

"Um, the senior guys," Peter admitted, hanging his head.

"There were seniors!?"

"I didn't know they were there," Peter said, playing with the hem of his shirt. "Jason never told us that it was a senior party. Ned and I thought it was for the sophomores."

Tony frowned. "Tell me what happened from the start."

"Uh, well, we got there and there was a lot of loud music and alcohol and senior kids. Ned and I felt really uncomfortable, and we were about to leave but one of the seniors came and started trying to offer me a drink. I tried to decline, but his buddies came and surrounded us, and I got scared so I just did what they said. I didn't know how much they'd given me. I'm sorry. I should have been stronger. I'm Spider-Man - I would have been safe."

Heaving a deep, deep sigh, Tony stared at the opposite wall for a moment. "I thought you'd gotten drunk on purpose," he said. "I'm sorry for assuming that." He smiled softly and pulled Peter into a hug. "What they did was wrong, very wrong. Can you give me some names, kiddo?"

"Why?" Peter asked curiously.

"I'm going to report them to the police. It was illegal for them to have alcohol around underage kids. Besides, no one bullies my kid without there being serious consequences."

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

"Tony needs to know, sweetheart," May said, fingers gently tucking Peter's curls behind his ear. "He deserves to know."

Peter's hands shook as he looked down at the papers in his hands. "I'll call him later," he muttered, gently placing them on the dining table. Swiping a hand underneath his nose, he took a deep breath, rhythm hitching ever so slightly at a sting of pain through his chest, and headed into his room.

Chapter Notes

A character is diagnosed with cancer. Ik that this can be upsetting, so just a warning

*You're looking for answers in a place unknown
You need the connection but you can't get close*

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"Where are you going?" May called, voice concerned. "Dinner's in fifteen minutes."

"Not hungry," Peter called back, and then he was out the window.

He climbed up the fire escape, head constricted and spacey at the same time. When he reached the roof, he slipped on his mask.

"Hey Karen," he said, resting his chin on his bare knees.

"Hello Peter," the AI greeted. "How can I help you?"

"Can I just talk to you?" the teenager asked hesitantly. "I mean, if that's okay. I'm not patrolling today."

Karen's voice was gentle. "Go ahead."

Peter curled his arms tighter around his knees and swept his gaze over the skyline, the typical New York lights and hazy glow something always there, something he could always rely on. He drank in the view like he had never seen it before, would never see it again.

But maybe he'd never get to do this again.

"I have cancer," Peter admitted, voice cracking on the last word. "It's in my lungs, and I have two and a half years to live."

Karen was silent for a few moments. "*I'm so sorry, Peter,*" she said, voice soft and sympathetic.

Peter's chest heaved with a silent sob, and he moved to lay on his side, the cool of the concrete roof sinking deep into him. "I'd always imagined that I'd live out my life," he whispered, eyes staring but seeing nothing. "I would go to university, graduate, marry the girl I loved, have a family, and spend the rest of my days a happy man. Now I might not even make it to the end of high school."

"*Who have you told?*"

"Aunt May knows, she was there at the doctor's office with me. I haven't told Ned and MJ yet. I probably should, but I know they're going to freak out and I'm not sure if I'm ready for that yet. And then there's Mr. Stark - Aunt May says that I should tell him, but I'm scared to. I don't know how he would react. If I had my way, he would never have to know."

"*I think he'd like to know.*"

Peter rubbed at his face through the mask. "I don't want to be a disappointment to him, Karen. He has so many plans for me; he wants me to go to MIT for goodness' sake! I'm never going to be able to do those things."

Voice growing softer, Karen said, "*He doesn't really care about those things. He just wants a good future for you. Even if he never says it, he loves you very much, Peter.*"

At those words, a wave of overwhelming sorrow crashed over Peter, sending him sobbing, the racking of his chest deep and ugly. "I..wanted to...be...normal!" he gasped, clutching at his throat as he struggled to breathe.

"*In and out, Peter!*" Karen said, but Peter was hyperventilating so much that he no longer registered her voice.

Eyes squeezed shut, he never saw the figure rushing towards him, and jerked in surprise when strong hands rolled him onto his back and pulled his hands away from his neck. "Breathe, Pete!" the person said, and gradually Peter calmed, breaths returning to normal.

"You okay now?" Tony said, and Peter's heart dropped.

"I'm good, Mr. Stark," he replied, softly.

Tony pulled him up into a sitting position and wrapped an arm around his shoulders. "May called me," he said, by way of explanation.

Peter nodded. "How'd you get here so quickly?"

"I ran the downtown traffic lights."

There was silence for a little while, and then Tony cleared his throat. "I know about the cancer," he said, voice shaking minutely. "I'm here for you, Pete."

"Thanks, Mr. Stark," Peter whispered, dropping his head onto his mentor's shoulder.

“For goodness’ sake, call me Tony,” he replied, resting his cheek on top of Peter’s head. “We’re way past ‘Mr. Stark’ now.”

“What’s going to happen to me?” Peter asked suddenly, right hand anxiously clenching and unclenching. Tony covered it with his own and squeezed it reassuringly.

“Well, I’m going to take you to the Tower tonight and call in the best oncologists in the world to check you out and do everything they can to cure the cancer. I’m not going to let you die, I promise.” He took a deep breath. “I can’t lose you, Peter.”

Peter twisted his body around and twisted his head to press his face into Tony’s chest. “Thank you, Tony.” He exhaled. “I’m so scared,” he admitted, tremors running down his arms. “I don’t want to die.”

“You *won’t*,” Tony said again, and his voice was gruff. “I love you, Peter.”

The words hit Peter like a ton of bricks, and he slowly lifted his head to look at his moist-eyed mentor. “You - you...” he lifted up a hand to swipe at the tears brimming in his eyes and abandoned what he had been trying to say. “I love you too.”

“I’m sorry I never said it before,” Tony said, voice breaking. “I love you so much.”

Peter smiled.

And as Tony wrapped his arms around him and pressed a kiss to his curls, he had faith that maybe, maybe, this wasn’t the end.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Peter sat on his bed, finger hovering over the call button. Face scrunching it, he tapped it and leant back against the wall, phone to his ear and eyes closed.

No one picked up (honestly, had he really thought he would?), and Peter heaved a sigh at the last *ding* of the dial tone. The thirteenth one.

Chapter Notes

Spoilers for *Avengers: Endgame*.

The credits go to tumblr user "cpt-glasses" for the analogy about the car and feelings.

*Midnight 'til morning
Call if you need somebody
I will be there for you*

Everyone says pain goes away in time, but really, is that true? Perhaps it's just hidden for a time, ready to arise at the slightest memory.

Peter sat on his bed, finger hovering over the call button. Face scrunching it, he tapped it and leant back against the wall, phone to his ear and eyes closed.

No one picked up (honestly, had he really thought he would?), and Peter heaved a sigh at the last *ding* of the dial tone. The thirteenth one.

If you're calling me, I would assume it's important since I don't give my number out. However, if you've randomly dialed this number, don't call back. Anyways, I'll get back to you when I'm not busy. Tony Stark.

It was probably unhealthy that he listened to this over and over.

No, nothing was wrong with him.

What would Tony say if he were here?

But Tony wasn't here. He was dead at the hand of the infinity gauntlet and nothing would ever be the same again.

"Your emotions are like one of the lights on your car's dash," Tony had said to him once. "When one of them turns on, it means you need to check under the hood and fix it. It's not bad that the light turned on, per se, and it doesn't always mean something is broken. But what's toxic, dangerous, and likely to break something, is when you let that light stay on, pretending it's normal, until that

breaking fluid finally fails and you crash into someone, or your engine breaks completely."

Maybe he wasn't okay.

Maybe the problem wasn't his feelings, it was just the way he was dealing with them.

Peter looked at his phone and tapped a different number into the dialpad. "Aunt May?"

Midnight 'til morning

Call if you need somebody

I will be there for you

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!! Have an awesome day <333

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!